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*“The road is long
And the sky is gray”*

ASTRAY WITH SONG AND FANCY

BY

EDWARD HICKS STREETER TERRY



Illustrated from Photographs
by
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no. 1.

TO MY FRIENDS
AND
TO TIME.

To you, dear friends, who came to me
When I was in Gethsemane,
To you who made the gray day bright,
Who were like stars in darkest night,
These songs that grew through hours of pain,
From opening line to closing strain,
Are offered, and to you, too, Time,
I dedicate this book of rhyme,
Yet, if you ne'er should look between
Its covers or recall a scene
As you fore'er fling smiles and tears,
I trust that from some friendly throat
One song, at least, of these I wrote,
May rise triumphant through the years!

CONTENTS

	Page
To My Friends and to Time	5
Spring	7
Night Song	8
The Rosebud	9
Hope	10
The Cars	11
Chanson	12
In April	13
Love is Not Blind	14
In the Harbor	15
Love and Mignonette	16
Success in Apparent Failure	17
The Ivy	18
A Fancy	19
When I Beheld You	20
At an Old Bookstore	21
Trust	22
Song	23
Miracles	24
Triolet	25
Barcarolle	26
Constancy	27
Invitation	28
Spring is in the Air	29
Thou Hast Thy Virgin Soul	30
Will Shakespeare in Stratford-on-Avon	31
The End O' the Quest	32
Even Song	34
The Creation of Song	35
How	36
Autumn	37
O Little Fir-Tree	38
To a Boy Scout	39
To a Butterfly	40
When All the Silver Stars Grow Dim	41
Hath Spring Not Come	42
To the World	43
Canoeing at Lenape	44
My Prayer	45
Home Walls	46
The Birds are Singing in the Rain	47
The Token	48
To Mother	49

CONTENTS

	Page
The Night-Blooming Cereus	50
The Battle	51
Schumann's Traumerei	52
The Madonna	53
The Storm	54
Flower Song	55
The Lady of the Blue Bandeau	56
One Who Was Fond of Ephemeral Pleasures	57
Chanson	58
In the Catskills	59
Niagara	60
Bernard Shaw	61
Song	62
Kinship	63
To Mischa Elman	64
"King by Divine Right"	65
To F. Gutekunst	66
The Wild-Rose	67
The Wanderer's Song	68
Eugenie	69
To a Child With Flowers	70
The Test	71
A Christmas Song	72
Shadowed	73
The Robin's Song	74
A Revelation	75
The Soul Victorious	76
The Apple Blossoms	77
Chanson	78
Peace	79
Destiny	81
When Our Ships Come In	82
At Cedarcroft	83
At Bayard Taylor's Tomb	84
Thoughts Suggested by a Child's Gift of Hyacinths	85
Oh! Let Me Be Your Friend	88
Imprisoned	89
On Receiving Some Woodland Flowers	90
The Good Wife's Song	91
Natal Song	92
In a Garden	93
The Evening Primroses	94
Eros	95
Lullaby	96



*“And at her laughter,
ice-freed waters sing.”*

SPRING.

NO cold blast stayeth the approach of Spring;
She bravely treads where hollows hold
the snow ;

Then, from her foot-prints, countless snow-
drops grow,

And at her laughter, ice-freed waters sing.

She comes with all the bounty of a king

Who on his subjects would great wealth be-
stow ;

Then, on the sward, like sovereigns falling so,
The butter-cups are flung, with noiseless ring.

She glances—and the apple-blossoms blush ;

She sings—and all the violets awake

To touch the lips that, singing, called them
forth.

What though a storm should come from
out the north,

Trying its best her joyous song to slake :

She shall not cease till Summer bids her hush !

NIGHT SONG.

*Oh! what a fine fan it would make, if we could put a handle
on the moon.—From the Japanese.*

IS there not some maiden fair,
Of an ante-bellum day,
Dressed in lace and old brocade,
With a moss-rose in her hair,
And a cheek Time cannot fade,
Coming by Love's starlit way ?

Put a handle on the moon,
Tiny, brilliant, ivory stars.
Such a fan for such a one ! . . .
Ah ! but see the cruel sun
With the morn, its light debars
Dream of maid and fan too soon !

THE ROSEBUD.

I

TO-DAY I saw a bud,
A rosebud by the walk
Within my garden bare ;
The bitter, biting air
Had chilled its slender stalk
And stilled its joyous blood.

II

O bud that ne'er shall know
The joy of growth and bloom,
The wild bee's early kiss,
Dawn-light or twilight-gloom,
Your slim stalk I shall miss
When earth is wrapped in snow.

III

There is a spot I hold
Where blighted lives will see
Their guerdon in God's face.
Perhaps within that place
This bud by love set free
May yet its leaves unfold !

HOPE.

I

LITTLE, rosy, smiling Hope,
Nodding, teasing when we grope,—
Throwing kisses to Despair
Till he looks so debonair
One would almost think him kind—
Soother of a troubled mind,
Laughing all our fears away,
Bidding Joy his flight delay,
Running, hiding, ne'ertheless
Constant in thy wish to bless—
Daughter of stout Jollity,
What would man be without thee !

II

Jocund, fair, indeed, art thou
As the buds upon the bough
When the song the robins sing,
Blown by winds of early spring,
Comes to petaled, waiting ears—
Scatterer of April's tears,
Making earth, with one accord,
Bloom to greet the risen Lord—
Wanderer that comes again,
Comforter and boon to men,
Life is good because of thee,
Best friend of Humanity !

THE CARS.

BY day I hear their whistles shrill,
The sound of many rumbling wheels
As they come climbing up the hill
Where oft my eager vision steals.

By night they gleam through misty rain
Or starlight dim or falling snow;
I watch them, at the window-pane—
Whence do they come? And whither go?

I strain to see, if one should stop;
Then, with my brooding heart elate,
I let my book or verses drop
To greet a friend, within the gate!

CHANSON.

A joyous, dancing spirit—
Is it Terpsichore?

Roams through the trees and likes to flit
Around the button-wood.

Look! now upon that very tree
The button-balls dance merrily.

Merrily, so merrily
Amid the cold and sleet
The seed-balls dance upon the tree,
With nimble unseen feet.
What spirit hath, in sportive mood,
Found in the tree a safe retreat?

IN APRIL.

SUN, cloud and laughter,
Blue sky, and rain
Follow right after ;
Then sun again !

Pink bud and white bloom,
Green leaf, and dew,
Bird-song and cloud-gloom
Make earth anew !

LOVE IS NOT BLIND.

LOVE is not blind, but those who love are blind!

Each fault assumes a virtue to the eyes,
And never comes a doubt or mild surprise
So long as words are true and smiles are kind ;
But let there come a day when duties bind
And harsh words greet the ears—oh, then
the sighs !

For Reason, in Love's stead, draws near and
tries
To let the light shine in, upon the mind.

At first all actions seem or fair or dark,
But, as day passes day, there slowly comes
More light until a fault is just a fault ;
Then Love, who silent came, departs with
drums,
Not joyously a-beat as in a park,
But muffled as if leading to a vault !

IN THE HARBOR.

THE boat is tied;
My treasure's home;
No need have I to sail the sea;
No more need roam
'Gainst storm, nor ride
On waves that beat incessantly.

Now, at the end,
What has it brought?
Not wealth, but things of greater worth:
Love and a friend,
For these I sought
And found them all about the earth.

God speed the wind
Who sets his sail
Nor waits for sun or sparkling star!
Oh! may he find
His holy grail
Though storm should bear his boat afar.

LOVE AND MIGNONETTE.

I found Love lying at my door ;
How beautiful and fair was he !
Across his rosy dimpled knee
His arrows lay—his only store—
Whose brilliance showed my tight-shut door.

I gathered mignonette for him ;
I made a tiny, fragrant bed ;
I put a rose beneath his head
The while my eyes with tears were dim
Because the door was barred to him.

He must have thought the mignonette
Concealed a snare—I do not know—
He started up with quivering bow.
Alas ! he might have been there yet
Had I not gathered mignonette.

No more its fragrance gladdens me ;
My once-barred door is open wide ;
I watch from morn till eventide ;
My heart shall keep him warm, if he
Will only come again to me !

SUCCESS IN APPARENT FAILURE.

A growing soul beheld a gleam ;
Then toiled on bravely to the end ;
He searched for years and wandered far
And died still groping for the star.
Alas ! and did God only send
An ignus-fatuus ? A dream ?

Ah, who can tell ! These souls that see
A burst of glory, then the dark,
Know not, themselves, if dream or truth
Reveals itself to aspiring youth.
Are they indeed defeated ?—Hark !
“Hast thou forgotten Calvary ?”

THE IVY.

WHAT a pleasant sight to see
Ivy in December !

How its rare fidelity
Helps us to remember
That amid the strife and stress
Friendship wears such loveliness !

The rose is for the lover ;
The ivy is for friends ;
No winter storm can cover
The warmth within God sends.
Oh ! the rose doth quickly fall,
But the ivy groweth tall.

Just as green when warm winds stray
O'er the roses dying,
Will it be as on this day,
With the snow-flakes flying.
Ever living, growing strong
As the seasons speed along !

A FANCY.

GOD dropped a rose in the west at eve,
Ere the quiet night was born ;
To-morrow a rose shall bloom in the east
With birth of dewy morn.
Oh! ever a rose doth bloom at dawn,
Its petals fall with the night,
And the stars, like bright dewdrops, on their tips
Gleam when the day takes flight !

WHEN I BEHELD YOU.

(TO W. S.)

WHEN I beheld you weak yet undismayed,
Turning your precious strength to art
and song

That they might justly conquer evil, wrong,
I new-born courage at the sight displayed.

Now that Fate's hard hand has on me been laid,
And all days, once fleet-footed, seem so long,
Your voice is pealing like a sunrise gong,
Calling me on to duty, unafraid.

I love the hills mist-wreathed and magical,
The ever-changing moods of sea and sky,
All life—strong, mirthful, weak, and tragical—
Because your eyes all-seeing taught me to,
And so I tell you this while you are nigh
And give my love because it is your due!

AT AN OLD BOOKSTORE.

THE humble and the great seek out the stall;
The student and the bookman, with a
grace

And olden courtesy, browse in this place
Nor heed the fleeting hours' chiming fall.

With eager faces peering in to all

That is of interest in the open case,

They slowly walk along the alley-space
Or scan the volumes lined against the wall.

I feel that Keats is hovering o'er me now,

While Shakespeare gazes with all-seeing look;
Proud Dante, with the bay upon his brow,

Is guarding, solemnly, 'his youth's dear book',
And I, in fancy's mood, try to endow

These spirits wan, with life, in this old nook.

TRUST.

(FOR H. P. A.)

I know that every cloud doth hold a star,
And every winter, spring ;
I shall not grieve though hope is far, so far :
Some morn the birds will sing !

And though the darkness hides the stars to-night,
There is good cheer within :
I know, at length, that I shall find the light
And triumph over sin.



*"The lane goes over the way ;
The cows go over the lane."*

SONG.

THE lane goes over the way ;
The cows go over the lane ;
The way winds up where Jupiter shines ;
The fence is green with the running vines,
And the fields are full of grain.

The lane goes over the way,
But the way leads on to home.
You with the city-look in your eyes,
Just fancy your mother's glad surprise
If you nevermore should roam !

MIRACLES.

WHAT if the morn should fail to come
And we had night two days;
What if the bee forgot to hum,
The bird, his roundelays;
Would mankind pause, expectant, dumb,
Wondering at God's ways?

Yet of those wondrous things none tells
Nor gives a thought to them.
What marks day's end, save vesper-bells?
Who sees night's diadem?
Does man not turn for miracles
Back to the Lord Christ's hem?

Oh! may my body always thrill
Whenever wee birds sing,
My heart with youth and gladness fill
At each returning spring;
May I behold a mighty will
At work in everything!

TRIOLET.

THERE is snow upon the ground,
Yet a robin sings on, griefless,
From a twig or on a mound—
There is snow upon the ground,
But Hope's born with cheerful sound
While the trees are black and leafless;
There is snow upon the ground,
Yet a robin sings on, griefless!

BARCAROLE.

THE silver moon hangs low behind the rushes;
My love and I, afloat,
Glide dreamily.

Each gentle zephyr brushes
Her rosy face and steals across to me
And fills the crimson sails upon our boat.

Love's sea knows naught of stormy, cloudy
weather,

Nor, my heart's love, shall we
Know aught of this.

Oh! let us sail together,
And I will touch thy lips with Love's first
kiss

In token of my soul's great constancy.

CONSTANCY.

O love, I do not love thee less at dawn :
Day, coming like a spy,
Beholds me touch thy hand ;
Darkness enfolds what daylight doth descry—
Dost thou not understand ?
Oh ! do not tremble like a startled fawn.

Come, lift thy head and no more sit and grieve :
The spying sun hath fled,
And twilight holds us fast.
A thousand kisses ache to press thy head
Now that the day is past,
Yet, love, I do not love thee more at eve !



*"O love, come dwell
beneath my vine-clad tent."*

INVITATION.

O love, come dwell beneath my vine-clad tent,
O'er which the south-wind blows

Pink petals from the rose,

O'er which the south-wind sings till song is
spent !

Oh! come, my love,

The rose above,

The rose-tree fills the air with honeyed scent.

Thy couch shall be a bed of coral moss ;

Thy lamp a gleaming star ;

Red jewels from afar

Shall deck thy garments made of finest floss.

O love, come dwell

Within the dell,

And change to joy what absence makes a cross!

SPRING IS IN THE AIR.

SPRING is in the air—
Who will dare deny it?
What if ground is bare,
Spring is in the air
Everywhere. Everywhere
See the spring birds flit.

Is the ground so bare?
Look again. Just see it!
(Oh! the warm spring air)
Green things shy and fair
Everywhere. Everywhere
See the spring birds flit.

THOU HAST THY VIRGIN SOUL.

THOU hast thy virgin soul,
And I have mine;
Oh, that the two were one,
A perfect whole;
Then by a look, a sign,
Sin would be left undone.

This is a bitter thing:
To know that one we love
Will have his way
E'en though our fond hearts sting.
Hear me, O God above,
And guard him well to-day.

Thou hast thy soul—and yet
Thou hast thy soul and mine
To shield or mar.
Ah, ne'er forget
That mine goes down with thine
Or with thine finds a star!

WILL SHAKESPEARE
IN STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

‘WILL SHAKESPEARE?’ Yes, I know
the roguish youth,
Albeit thoughtful too for one o’ his years;
Last night he caused the village-folk some
fears;

He dressed up as a ghost—Aye! ’tis the truth—
A Danish ghost, and stalked around a booth;
And when the women were at point o’ tears,
He dropped the cloak, and laughed, and gave
three cheers;

Then jumped right o’er the head o’ Mistress
Ruth.

They say, far up in big old London town,
The good queen looks on him with kindly eye;
Down here he’s just a merry country clown
Who tells us tales that make us laugh and cry;
You’ll find him down the road, sir, dressed in
brown,

Telling my Henry England’s history.

THE END O' THE QUEST.

THE journey's o'er! Though bruised
I raise my voice to sing,
Exulting that I traveled on and cruised
Until I found my king.

Long had I dreamed of this
Ere my dear dream came true.
How sweet, how doubly sweet this moment is!
And oh, the sky how blue!

I sought him 'mid the hills,
I sought him in the West,
And now my heart with great thanksgiving fills,
At ending of the quest.

He comes—no pomp attends—
Nor knows that he is crowned
Unless divined by him as my head bends
Until it meets the ground.

He rules o'er no land broad;
My heart his only throne,
But oh! the voice of my glad soul will laud,
Will call him king, my own.

Though flowers of spring be fair,
There's none so fair as he.
How sweet to find my simple, trusting prayer
A great reality !

Here, on this love-lit spot
Which never will seem dim,
We'll dwell—and oh ! my happy, happy lot
To minister to him.

And then some day we'll go,
Our hand heaped high with flowers,
Unto a mountain-height and gaze below
Upon the vine-clad bowers.

Then, on the long, lush grass,
Far down the mountain-height,
We'll scatter flowers, that lovers when they pass
May smile up through the night.

* * *

O lovers, sweetly sing ;
My pilgrimage is o'er ;
I thank great God that I have found my king,
My king, for evermore !

EVEN-SONG.

OVER and over
Dawn follows dawn ;
Light is a rover,
Waster of brawn.

Let the night cover
All day hath done,
Love greet her lover
Ere life be run.

Winds sway the roses
Here and afar.
As twilight closes,
Night gilds the star !

THE CREATION OF SONG.

WE fashion song of our sorrow,
But the world with an over-wise look
Must see anon if we borrow
Our thought from another man's book!
O men, here's the secret! we copy
Our thoughts from the great book of Life;
We make a poem of the poppy,
And an epic from labor and strife.

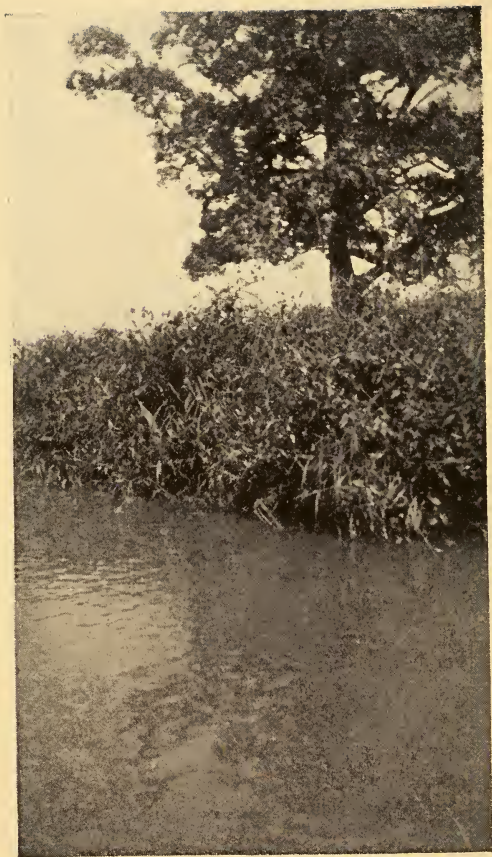


*"...The plant that grew
Beside the wall."*

HOW.

HOW could I know the plant that grew
Beside the wall,
Would bud and bloom, and bud and bloom anew,
Till now it covers all?

How could I know the thought of you
One summer eve,
Would grow and grow till now it thrills me
through,
Nor grants me a reprieve?



*“The jewel-weed binds up her hair
With silvery pearls, beside the stream.”*

AUTUMN.

HER face is veiled with purple haze
Through which the wan sun sends a beam;
The jewel-weed binds up her hair
With silvery pearls, beside the stream.

Oh, she is ever beautiful !
The fleeting years can do no harm,
Still shall she come a century hence
With all the old and luring charm.

The cosmos, dahlias, golden-rod
Her faithful, fair handmaidens are;
They wait her coming in the days
When Summer doth her entrance bar.

They wait and listen till they hear
The footfall of her crimson shoon,
And then they bend and sway to her
Beneath a silver, misty moon.

The asters, like a million stars,
Gleam brightly from the road-side grass
To decorate and light the way
O'er which her flowery train shall pass.

Oh ! Autumn is a pensive maid ;
Her ways are sweet and mild and sad,
And we are loath to see her go,
Remembering the joys we had !

O LITTLE FIR-TREE.

O little fir-tree set against the sky,
Dost watch the sun rise and the bright
stars die,

Nor lonely feel?

“They are so far away and oh! so high—
Where snow-white clouds go marching swiftly
by,

No zephyrs mild about my boughs
could steal.”

O little fir-tree set upon the hill,
Dost watch cloud-wreathed Dian her round
arms fill

With sparkling stars?

“I see her gems, but oh! when all is still
I hear the love-song of a happy rill

That gently flows beneath the pas-
ture-bars.”

TO A BOY SCOUT.

I see him as he daily passesby;
His heart I know is full of budding dreams;
His head is turned to face the morning sky,
And Youth's unsullied glow about him gleams.

He is a poet's ideal of a youth:
Strong-limbed, alert, frank, manly, and clear-
eyed;
And in his face I see the light of Truth;
No vices does he vainly try to hide.

I know he dreams, but know not what he sees;
Ah, once I was a youth! and well I know
His wonder at Life's new-old mysteries—
Oh God, I pray that he may face them so!

TO A BUTTERFLY.

*Did it but sing, the butterfly might have to suffer in
a cage.*

From the Japanese.

WELL for you you do not sing,
Spark o' life and gossamer.
Else within a gilded cage
You should beat your painted wing,
Fly and flutter, sing and whirl—
New amusement for the age!

Yet, ah! yet if you did sing:
What a song of lilies fair,
Honey cups agleam with dew,
Sunny meadows, fragrant air
We should have to listen to
As you beat your damask wing!

WHEN ALL THE SILVER STARS
GROW DIM.

WHEN all the silver stars grow dim
With coming light of dawn,
And weird, gray shadows slowly limn
Their length on dewy lawn—

And one star still its fortress keeps
Though all the rest have fled,
While still the tired world gently sleeps,
I rise up from my bed.

I go to watch the gray dawn pass,
And greet the rosy morn
That scatters brilliants on the grass
And shouts : ‘ The day is born ! ’

HATH SPRING NOT COME?

HATH spring not come? for lo! her har-
bingers,

The brown buds, turn to sweet albescent
bloom,

And where King Winter had his spacious
room

Of ice and snow, the vernal leaflet stirs.

Hath spring not come? though Autumn's
chestnut-burs

Lie on the ground, the blood-root doth illumine

The way that leads direct to Winter's tomb
Among the pine-trees and the balsam-firs.

Yea! she hath come, with all her pageantry,

And April welcomes her a princess fair;

Her gown is made of woven melody;

Bright daffodils are tangled in her hair;

She is so young and joyous, wild, and free

That many to her will their love declare!

TO THE WORLD.

WHAT would you do without us,
World, if we did not sing ?
You who mockingly flout us,
Never beheld a king !
What were your purse and power,
Might and your daring deeds,
Concrete and light and tower,
Without a poet's screeds ?

What now lives of the Romans,
Save on history's page ?
We made the record ! World, no man's
Deeds endure past an age.
Conquer the earth, world-bound minions,
Jestingly pass us by ;
Though scattered your work by Time's
pinions,
We'll see that it does not die !



*“There is a beauty all about,
On the banks and stream.”*

CANOEING AT LENAPE.

GLIDING on the Brandywine
When the sun is low
And the ripples faintly shine
With a golden glow
While the soft winds blow.

There is beauty all about,
On the banks and stream,
In youth's merry laugh and shout;
And the sun's last beam
Is a poet's dream !

Swiftly now the boat glides on,
And the bending boughs
Brush our heads and then are gone;
Up the stream some cows
Watch us as they browse.

Then we idly dream, and drift
Back upon the tide ;
Let the boat on ripples' lift
Bear us, in our ride,
To the landing-side.

MY PRAYER.

I cannot give Thee thanks for gold,
Nor thanks for health;
Save for the largess which my mind doth hold,
I haven't any wealth.
But this sufficeth me:
E'en though my strength is small
It still doth bind me to the fate of all
In joy and misery !

Just for these things I give my praise,
Nor hope to win
By this, through dawning of far brighter days,
Less strife with Want and Sin.
Oh, make my life a prayer
For all mankind to see,
And when they sorrow, on beholding me
May they forget their care !

HOME WALLS.

A gaol were they to me, forsooth,
So dull they seemed, and bare, and chill,
The walls that faced me when a youth :
I dreamed of care-free lands beyond the hill.

I've seen the lands beyond the hill ;
I'm weary of the busy mart ;
Oh, for the walls that seemed so chill,
Naught else I know can warm and cheer my
heart !

THE BIRDS ARE SINGING IN THE
RAIN.

I

THE birds are singing in the rain ;
The ferns are drenched with dew ;
The day is lost—yet not in vain
The birds are singing in the rain :
To-morrow will be blue !

II

The birds are singing in the rain,
And so my heart is glad,
For every loss need not bring pain ;
The birds are singing in the rain—
Why should our hearts be sad ?

THE TOKEN.

A quivering flammule gilds the ancient shrine
Whereon a god of gold and chrysoprase,
With cunning eyes that take no count of days,
Is set—a symbol of the all-divine.

See little maidens pouring in like wine,
Aglow with life and all its sparkling ways,
Kneel at the shrine, and then, 'mid incense-
haze,
They say their fondest wish, and wait a sign.

Without, the cherry-blossoms gleam like snow,
And through the branches near the temple-
door,

Bright-colored lanterns, breeze-tossed, bend and
blow;

Then as the bird-sung dawnlight comes once
more,

The little maids rise up and happy go
As one bright blossom blows upon the floor!

TO MOTHER.

YOU always hid the tears behind your mirth
And waited for the clouds to pass away;
In starless night you saw a gleam of day
That promised better things for our small earth;
What though these proved to be of little worth,
You smiled the same and joined me in my
play :

Surely the storm must come ere balmy May,
And out of sorrow, joy is given birth.

Now take my sonnet as a rainbow sent
To hang against the storm-cloud's sullen hue;
O patient mother, see, the storm is spent!
Beyond the breaking clouds behold the blue;
Whilst hope-fed blossoms raise their heads, once
bent,
To breathe the fragrance of the sun-kissed
dew!

THE NIGHT-BLOOMING CEREUS.

(For E. K. P.)

IT comes so silently to make one night
The fairer for its blooming. With the day,
Folding its petals sweet and lily-white
Without a sign, it softly fades for aye.

O bloom of palest pink and pearly white,
How many lesser things call us by day !
While thou most beautiful, throughout the night
Unheralded dost bloom and pass away.

THE BATTLE.

I have laughed at Life,
 Snapped my fingers at her ;
Fought Death in the strife,
 And it did not matter ;
Yet if you turned foe,
 You who have made life sweet,
How could I strike the blow,
 Without a sure defeat ?

SCHUMANN'S TRAUMEREI.

(In Broad St. Station)

NO! Schumann is not dead,
And Love shall never die—

A brakeman in the shed
Is whistling 'Traumerei.'

Amid the surging crowd
He sends his heart's dear dream ;
Softly o'er voices loud
Is borne the yearning theme.

He dreams of vine-clad home,
A baby's chubby hand,
And bids my own thoughts roam
Through space to Love's Dream-land.

. Oh! whistle on your tune
While in my heart I hold
Nights 'neath a lover's moon
I would not sell for gold.

THE MADONNA.

SWEET mother, with a tender gaze
Behold thy babe, nor look to see
Beyond the mystic, radiant haze
A cross upon Mount Calvary!

THE STORM.

THE morn is chill ;
The autumn-rain,
With blast and pain,
Forbodeth ill.

It blights the red,
And golden leaves,
Nor even grieves
To see them dead.

Then, with a shriek,
It leaves behind
The moaning wind
Its spoil to seek.

FLOWER SONG.

BRING vase and bowl and jardinière,
And let me fill them with my flowers!
See! here are daisies tall and fair,
Sweet blooms that came from sylvan bowers,
Some peonies and pansies too,
Fern, valley-lilies, mignonette,
And this shy bit of wondrous blue
Is just a woodland-violet.

Oh! let me set them all about,—
The pansies there, the lilies here,
The daisies, on the steps without,
Their nodding faces bring good cheer;
The peonies in this old vase,
Before the mirror. See, they show
As blushful as a maiden's face
When she her lover's heart would know!

Now, on the mantel near the door,
I'll set the mignonette and fern—
Oh! here's a rose dew-sprinkled o'er,
Whose flaming leaves with love do burn.
Thy tender hands should be the bowl
To hold the petals when they fall,
For each a thought is from my soul,
And I would have you know them all!

MY LADY OF THE BLUE BANDEAU.

(Chanson.)

I hear her step upon the stair,
My Lady of the Blue Bandeau;
She hath five gentians in her hair,
Five closed gentians so fresh and fair
Whose hearts the sunbeams ne'er shall know.

Dear Lady of the Blue Bandeau,
Oh, hear thy liege his woe declare!
Wilt thou forever treat me so?
Ah! Lady, shall I never know
If my heart's fire is burning there?

ONE WHO WAS FOND OF
EPHEMERAL PLEASURES.

NO flash of whip, nor woman's sparkling eye,
Nor ruddy bowl,
Shall e'er affect him more.
If that was life, what is it, God, to die?
Here lies the body—what befell the soul?
Was there no guerdon to touch Pleasure's goal,
Save what those poor joys bore?

CHANSON.

SEE,
You are free!
I can let you go
With a smile.
After while
You will miss me though,
Hate your liberty.

Well,
What is there to tell?
Love was full of pain,
Pleasure too.
I was true,
Yet what did I gain
When love fell?

Kind!
I shall bear in mind
All you were
Through the year;
Hide the tear;
Stop the stir;
Let love find me blind.

Know,
Ere you go,
For the old time's sake,
If you need a friend,
Come or send;
Once you healed an ache—
Pansies were ablow!

IN THE CATSKILLS.

I stood upon a mount and felt like God:

Below me tiny town and silvery bay,
Island and river, hill and village lay

Upon a mighty checker-board of sod.

The fertile farmlands stretching rod on rod

A Titan's palette were, with color gay,

O'er which the sunbeams and the shadows
play,

Whilst countless trees, wind-tossed, forever nod.

I heard no prayer ascend from any home

O'er which I looked as from a cloud-built
door,

Yet far down in the valley thousands live

Who love and hate, withhold and freely
give—

Godlike was I in sight but nothing more:

Prayers silent sped by me to heaven's dome!

NIAGARA.

MAN builds colossal bridges, buildings high,
And bids the air and sea obey his call;
How small his deeds, how puny is his power,
Beside thy brink, O mighty waterfall!

BERNARD SHAW.

SPHINX with a voice, and, knowing, dare to
tell,

Thou who hast stripped the flesh from puny
man,

Showing his shivering soul, his tribal clan,
Whether in mansion or in prison-cell;

Thou who hast driven Custom down to hell,
Flashing the truth upon our marriage-ban,
Fighting our lies as an immortal can,

Diety-wise and all-inscrutable:

Thou art a world force in the rush of Time,
Playing with Life as children do with toys,
Hurling back in her face the very joys

That man, so childishly, has called sublime;

So long as worlds unto our old world rhyme,

Thy name shall silence Sham's defiant noise!

SONG.

OH! the road is long,
And the sky is gray;
What a weary song
Is the close of day!

Oh! the shadows grow
And the way grows too,
But it was not so
When it led to you!

KINSHIP.

I am part of the sea and stars
And the winds of the south and north,
Of mountain and moon and Mars,
And the ages sent me forth!

Blind Homer, the splendor of Greece,
Sang the songs I sang ere he fell;
She whom men call Beatrice
Saw me in the depths of hell.

I was hanged at dawn for a crime;
Flesh dies, but the soul knows no death;
I piped to great Shakespeare's chime,
The witches' song in Macbeth.

All, all, who have suffered, and won,
Who have struggled, and failed, and died,
Am I, with work still undone,
And a spear-mark in my side.

I am part of the sea and stars
And the winds of the south and north,
Of mountain and moon and Mars,
And the ages sent me forth!

TO MISCHA ELMAN.

(On Playing the Violin.)

VOICES that sing of centuries gone by,
Murmurs that come from a wild, distant
 sea,
Sobs that arise from sin and agony,
And the low call of birds 'neath twilight-sky,
Arise at touch of thy enchanted bow
Which glides from ecstasy to deepest woe.
The brooklet sings at thy endearing call,
Triumphant Love awakens at thy plea,
And those who listen, Oh! so silently,
Hear weird winds sobbing and bruised blossoms
 fall!

“KING BY DIVINE RIGHT.”

EARTH'S first kings ruled by force, and so,
on down,

Their sons have reigned from that day unto
this;

But God upon the Poet placed His crown

Unseen, with an immortal soul-wrought kiss!

TO F. GUTEKUNST.

MY little world doth have a wondrous sky
Wherein the stars of friendship brightly
burn;

And when I to the east my glad face turn,
Two blazing suns bedim my eager eye.
Two of earth's greatest men, with loyal cry,
Have called me friend. How fine it is to
learn

That greatness dwells within a modest urn
And lets vain egotism pass it by!

Hail, king, within photography's wide realm!
A wandering minstrel with a reedy flute
Doth send a song of greeting on its way,
Hoping that it at length will overwhelm
All care which you may have this natal day,
And hear your murmured thanks, ere it be
mute!

THE WILD-ROSE.

AH! Wild-Rose, with thy soft cheek
Blushing as I kiss thee,
Come with me; my love I seek;
She is kind and true and meek—
Do not let her miss me.

Way-side bloom, so shy and fair,
Hast thou seen my dear one
When the sunlight gilds her hair?
Puff! A zephyr. Gentle air,
Stronger blow: I fear none.

Come, Wild-Rose, now answer; say,
As I bend to kiss thee—
Stay, ye winds! Alack! the day;
My Wild-Rose has blown away:
Now my love shall miss me!

Though I search in every place,
Call aloud my dear one,
Still the mad winds hide her face,
Laugh and mock, nor leave a trace;
Fool was I to fear none!

THE WANDERER'S SONG.

EVERYWHERE the bright lights gleam,
Happy children pass
With kind fathers, loving mothers; gay, indeed,
are all—
Hush! I have the far star's beam
As I lie upon the grass,
And the all-protecting Father hears the wanderer's call.

Though I tarry here to-night,
Laugh and talk with them,
Ere the sun has flung his gold upon the night-wrapped earth,
I'll be up and out of sight,
Find a wild-rose dewdrop-gem;
What is wealth? Mere gold's a trifle—I've been
rich since birth!

Sweet the song of early bird!
Grand the mist on hill!
Yet I wish a little spot: four walls—no more—
and then
Joy would prompt my every word,
I would stand upon the sill
And cry, 'Rest and welcome, brother,' to God's
wandering men.

EUGENIE.

Ex-Empress Eugenie while stooping to pick a flower in the Tuileries Gardens where her own palace once stood, was prevented, by an attendant, from so doing.

SHE was an empress once—
Long shorn of regal power
She slowly walks alone
Where stood her royal bower.

As on her way she goes,
Stooping to pick a flower,
Quickly a guard starts up—
List to a hireling's power!

"Madame, the law forbids!
What is your name?" said he.
"France knew me years ago,
And called me Eugenie."

How unrelenting years
Roll with unceasing change!
She was an empress once,
Now, old, unknown and strange.

TO A CHILD WITH FLOWERS.

LITTLE child, with rosy cheeks,
Golden hair and deep-blue eyes,
What does life, dear, mean to you
Just a short while from the skies?
Flowers bright, and play, and toys,
Fairy princes, silver dreams?

Happy child! I thought so once,
Saw it all through golden beams;
Many years have passed away,
Still I keep my silver dreams.
Still I keep my silver dreams
And my love for all the flowers,
Keep the wonder in my eyes
Though the years have brought dark hours.

Little child, with rosy cheeks,
Keep the wonder in your eyes
And your fair arms full of flowers
Down the marching centuries!

THE TEST.

FATE came unto me, saw me in my plight,
And added pain.

'O Fate,' I cried, 'why dost thou still pursue?
Why hast thou come again?'

Then Fate replied: 'I come to find a god,
But weary of my quest.

I only come to man while he is weak;

If he were strong I could not make the test.'

.

A CHRISTMAS SONG.

THE sky with snow is overcast;
The trees are covered o'er with ice,
And odors from the Christmas spice
Are blown about with every blast.
Good children, sing, and, fiddlers, play,
For this is merry Christmas Day.

The snow is falling swiftly now;
It covers every twig and limb—
Come, let us sing a Yule-tide hymn
Around the holly-covered bough:
“God rest ye, merrie gentlemen,”
The holy Babe is born again.

Oh, Christmas is a happy day!
A day of peace and right good cheer;
The brightest day of all the year;
So carol we with voices gay,
“Though sky be overcast with snow,
Within's the light that aye shall glow!”

SHADOWED.

I met a friend. He took my hand.

I saw that he was not alone.

He laughed and did not understand

That Death had marked him for her own.

‘Good friend, how are you?’ soon he asked.

Oh! I am well—and—how—are—you?

(Ah! God, why should I thus be tasked?

It seemed so hard for me to do.)

He said, ‘All right.’ I tried to smile.

He passed. I walked on silently,

Nor did I know that, all the while,

Death too was walking on with me.

THE ROBIN'S SONG.

O H, sweet, sweet, sweet!

Oh, fair, fair, fair!

Oh, sweet and fair are lyric days of spring!

Tweet, tweet, tweet, tweet;

Take care, take care,

Or I will fly away and cease to sing.

Oh, grow, grow, grow!

Oh, burst, burst, burst!

Oh, grow and burst, pink buds of warm spring-
time!

Ho, ho, ho, ho!

O winds, south-nursed,

Come sound the harebell's tinkling faery chime!

A REVELATION.

HE passed a narrow street
Where stagnant water lay,
And saw therein, reflected at his feet,
The gleaming light of day.

He never knew, ah, no!
In poverty and sin
A life might thus a blessed radiance show,
Until he looked therein.

THE SOUL VICTORIOUS.

I am Life. I am Youth.

I am Love. I am Joy.

I am Mind. I am Truth.

Time ne'er can destroy

What I dreamed, what I wrought,

What I felt, what I did,

What I knew, what I thought,

What I saw, what I hid.

Sky may fade; suns may die;

Planets grow dim and cold.

What of that! Ne'er shall I!

I ne'er shall grow old!

Ages yet in the mist

Shall behold then, as now,

What I sought, whom I kissed,

Whom I loved, when and how.

Ah, I scale! Ah, I fly!

Oh, I float! Oh, I glide!

See, I gleam in the sky!

I move in the tide!

Ah, I see! Ah, I know!

What I dream you shall see

In the tints of the bow,

Now and eternally!

THE APPLE-BLOSSOMS.

(For E. G. G.)

BLOSSOMS blushful, delicate,
Fragrant with the breath of morn,
Come when robin-redbreasts mate,
And the joyous spring is born.

See them beckon, from the walk,
Swayed by every passing breeze;
Now they dance and softly talk
With the humming honey-bees.

They are fairies, with their dress
Now, for once, quite visible;
How they cheer and how they bless
With the magic of their spell!

CHANSON.

(Heart o' my Heart.)

THE sky is gray, and the rain is gray;
Heart o' my heart, Life sobs in the wind.
The leaves fall off when the branches sway;
Heart o' my heart, the winds are unkind,
But the rain is more cruel than they.

There's a song for us, a sky that's fair,
Heart o' my heart, in the Land o' Dreams.
Let us go wandering over there,
Heart o' my heart, where the glad sun beams
And sweet laughter doth silence all care!

PEACE.

ALMIGHTY Peace, for thou art so, put by
our devilish arms:

Break up our steel and silence drums and battle's
loud alarms;

Come thou unto our hearths and teach the na-
tions that to dwell

In harmony is happiness, and vanquish this last
hell.

The gleaming of a million blades, each flashing
back a sun,

Returning home blood-stained and scarred, their
cruel purpose won,

No more shall stir a foolish pride to emulate false
deeds,

Or cause our mothers to bemoan a cause that
asks such needs.

The rumbling of a thousand guns, the sounds of
strife and march,

The soldier's groan, the mother's grief, the vic-
tor's blood-built arch,

Shall be among the wrongs that were, and in
their stead shall be

Content, and joy, rest and relief, thought for
humanity!

The victor's bays shall go to him who teaches
man to live,
To love his neighbor as himself, to honor, and
forgive,
To help the wan and weary ones whose load is
hard to bear,
To drive away their furrowed grief, and of his
joy give share.

Then Beauty, Art and Life will grow, Music
and Poetry
Shall find a home and praise at last, and sound
o'er every sea;
Cities shall rise whose buildings fair will be
direct outcome
Of gold that erstwhile paid for sword, gunpowder
and the drum.

Almighty Peace, for thou art so, put by our
devilish arms;
Break up our steel and silence drums and battle's
loud alarms;
Come thou unto our hearths and teach the na-
tions that to dwell
In harmony is happiness, and vanquish this last
hell!

DESTINY.

O Destiny, controller of our lives,
We ever struggle 'gainst thee and forget,
Regardless of our scorning and our threat,
That thou hast bound us with relentless gyves;
Or if, anon, expiring hope survives,
On gazing at the tree or violet,
Only too soon, clad in thy sombre jet,
Thou comest with a doom from Life's archives.

E'en as a mouse that plays about the floor,
Unmindful of the house-cat's watchful eye,
Are we beneath thy stern, unyielding laws;
And when our antics thy good humor bore,
Thy voice shouts, glad in triumph, 'Ye must
die!'
As we fall, crushed beneath thy piercing
paws.

WHEN OUR SHIPS COME IN.

OH! every time a rosy babe is born,
A ship, full-rigged, sets sail,—
And that is why men say, at break o' morn,
'My ship comes in to-day or sun or gale.'

Each ship is launched unloaded from Life's quay,
And filled as it doth float,
Thus some come freighted like an argosy,
And some come drifting like a storm-swept
boat.

They come from all the countries of the South;
And if one sinks at sea,
A youth is found with Death's kiss on his
mouth—
What life would live without its treasury?

O men, your ships are coming o'er the wave—
What cargoes do they bring?
A wish fulfilled? The gold that you did crave?
Or just a trifling joy that may take wing?

Well, listen! if your vessels bring no gold,
My ship shall come at last,
And I will give you all that it doth hold
If Love, sweet-smiling, guide the tattered mast.

AT CEDARCROFT.

(The Home of Bayard Taylor.)

THIS is the very spot where once he trod!
Tread softly on and off "The Poet's
Walk,"

For who can tell? Perhaps he still may talk,
This poet that men say is 'neath the sod.
A foolish thought! for never could Death's rod
Destroy his work—it was not writ in chalk—
Nor would God thwart his purposes or balk;
His soul still lives, unfettered by the clod.

At Cedarcroft, within his study-walls,
He wrote and dreamed, as all about the place
The sloping hills were green in summer's
guise.
Long years ago as God looked from His halls,
He thought a poet's song these hills should
grace,
So Bayard came with beauty-loving eyes!

AT BAYARD TAYLOR'S TOMB.

DEAR friend, if I should tell thee where I
found

This lily that I bring thee for thy tomb,
Thou couldst recall the hours of sun and gloom
Spent there upon that lily-blooming ground. . . .
I know thou art not dead, though not a sound
Comes from thy ivy-covered narrow room;
Thou still art weaving stories on life's loom,
Thy new life's loom, where golden threads
abound.

A simple lily of the bright sun's glow,
I place upon thy tomb, and fairer far
Is it than aught I keep, though well I know
'Tis but a bloom, yet if I brought a star
I could not place it here more reverently
Than this bright lily that I leave with thee!

THOUGHTS SUGGESTED BY A
CHILD'S GIFT OF HYACINTHS.

(For W. O. K.)

Dear child, who sent me these fair flowers of
spring,
Accept, in turn, a simple offering.

Easter Eve—Near an Open Window.

I walk about the room,
Amid the twilight-gloom,
And though I do not see
The blooms you sent to me,
Yet every where I go
The gentle spring winds blow
Their fragrance. From the street
The sound of passing feet
Comes up to where I live,—
And He who said, 'Forgive,'
So many years ago,
After His night of woe,
Still shows the noblest way
For man to live to-day. . . .
Sweet flowers, in the room,
Amid the twilight-gloom,
Yea, e'en to-day we of His love have need,
And now, as then, 'a little child shall lead.'

Easter Dawn—Beside the Flowers.

The night is past, and morn
Triumphantly is born!
The snow and ice have fled,
And lo! the earth once dead
Has rent its ice-bound chain
And come to life again. . . .
Lo! every heart bruised, sad,
Rejoices and is glad,
And over all the world
Hope's banner is unfurled
As Sorrow steals away
That Love may reign to-day. . . .
O royal, fragrant blooms,
Burst are the snow-sealed tombs;
O blooms of purity,
Carol so tenderly:
Yea, e'en to-day we of His love have need,
And now, as then, a little child doth lead.

Easter Night—Reverie.

Dear child, the night has come,
And, with my thanks, I sum
A thought from your fair flowers
And many happy hours
Your gift has brought to me.

Unseen and silently—
Their place I could not mark
Amid the twilight-dark—
They sent a fragrant prayer;
Your hyacinths so fair
Did fill my little room
With love and rich perfume.
A flower you can be
And with love, purity,
Make all who meet you smile,
For One who knew no guile
Said long ago, 'In any righteous deed,
If man should falter, lo! a child shall lead.'

OH! LET ME BE YOUR FRIEND.

(To J. W. K.)

OH! let me be your friend when you are glad
That I may share your smile and happiness,
For I must be your friend when cares depress
And take away the joy and youth you had.
If e'er you fall—you who have ne'er been bad—
Stretch forth your hand, and I will give redress,
Being but man, I've sinned and known distress;
Therefore I could not bear to see you sad.

Friends you will have—what man has not his
friends?
Test them, and those of worth bind to your
heart,
For sometimes life's brief years seem long
indeed.
So many men will cheer you at the start;
But when the night comes and the tired head
bends,
Though all should fail, I'll help you in your
need.



*"I saw the slim sapling grow
'Till it stood a mighty tree."*

IMPRISONED.

WHEN the ocean was a rill,
The mountain only a mound,
I sprang to life with a bound,
Urged on by a stronger will.

I saw the slim sapling grow
Till it stood a mighty tree
That mockingly sheltered me,
Who once could have laid it low.

The rill whose course I had turned,
Steadily grew to a stream
Through ages that seem a dream,
And fierce anger in me burned.

The mound I once might have swept
To earth with my baby-hand,
Gradually rose from the land,
And my spirit moaned and wept.

A continent holds me fast,
And the ocean roars at me;
I long for my liberty—
O God, will this always last?

ON RECEIVING SOME WOODLAND
FLOWERS.

WHAT thanks are worthy of these wood-
land-flowers?

I am not versed in such a gracious art,
Yet if a friend brings gifts from Flora's bowers,
I write his name upon my grateful heart!

THE GOOD WIFE'S SONG.

WHEN morning comes you go from me
To face the city's crowded mart;
I, with a lonely, restless heart,
Take up the old tasks silently.

But when night's crystal cressets burn,
Forgotten is the long day's pain:
You hold me close, so close, again,—
Ah God! the joy when you return.

NATAL SONG.

SOME come to earth when the woods are green,
And some when the hot winds blow ;
Some open their eyes 'neath autumn skies,
And some to a world of snow ;
And the Lord alone doth know !

But whether the time be spring's fair dawn,
Or summer's noon, with the rose,
Fall's chill twilight, or winter's long night,
It bringeth its joys and woes
With faith in the One who knows.



*"Oh! what a spot
in which to read of Greece."*

IN A GARDEN.

HERE one could spend a golden afternoon
Amid the silence of a thousand trees,

Hearing the notes of Nature's symphonies
That sound majestic in balmy June.

Here Pan himself his soft pipes could attune

To sylvan dances, new-world melodies

That, carried by the gentle, vagrant breeze
To dusty cities, would come as a boon.

Oh! what a spot in which to read of Greece,

Whose rustic shepherds, with their wandering
sheep,

Oft saw a naiad in a pool like this.

Here one could, lulled by drowsy sounds of
peace,

Fall in a quiet, sweet and dreamful sleep,

Feeling the touch of some fair dryad's kiss!

THE EVENING PRIMROSES.

WHEN twilight touches the garden-walk,
I go to the flower-bed,
Where golden buds on a branching stalk,
Rise o'er a poppy's head.

Then, as I watch, they slowly unfold—
Never was poem so rare—
What a sweet message written in gold,
Calleth the earth to prayer!

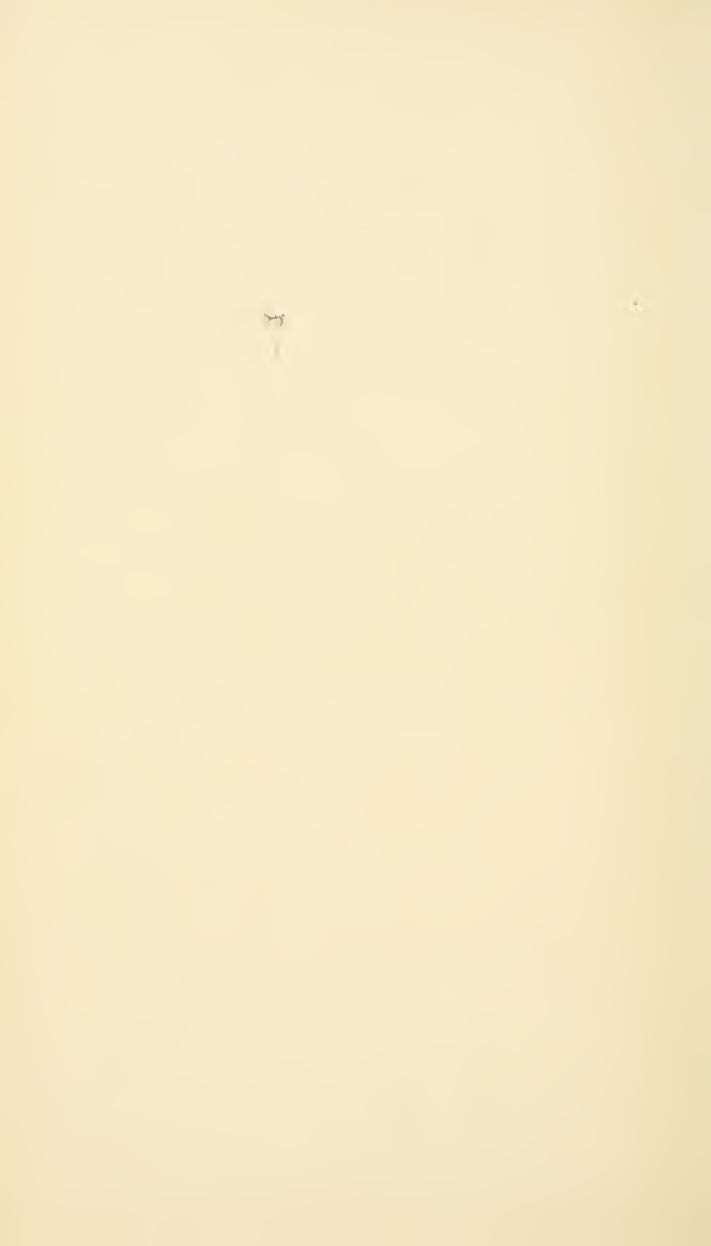
Oh, what a miracle I have seen!
Lo, with a soft, pale light,
These fair full-moons of the dusky green,
Hang on the robe of Night!

EROS.

EROS, with thy golden bow,
Shooting arrows left and right,
Art thou 'ware the joy and woe,
Peace and pain-pang, gloom and light,
That, incased in thy small darts,
Find a lodging in our hearts?

Thou shouldst have another name,
Fickle Eros, with thy bow.
Fie on thee! Fie, fie for shame!
We the thrill of freedom know
As we bind thee with a chain;
Thou art captive, that is plain.

.
Hark! What means that saucy laugh?
Lo, the chain is torn in half!



LULLABY.

THE sky is a field where the star flowers
grow;

The moon is the queen of that land;
Oh! come, baby dear, together we'll go,
With your little hand in my hand,
To the land where the nodding star flowers blow,
Far over the dark waves' white foam.

The moon will think you a pretty star rose
Sprung up from the seed she has sown,
But when dawn is near and the star flowers close
I shall call you, baby, my own
Star flower and rose, and, as the sun glows,
We'll sail o'er the ocean for home.

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